

To the Worshipful
Henry Tompson, Esquire, Mayor,
The ALDERMEN, BAILIFFS, BURGESSES,
AND THE REST OF THE
Worthy INHABITANTS of the Town of *Northampton,*
This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY
Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,
Richard Claridge.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *December* 1772, to the 21st Day of *December* 1773; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 10) buried from the *County-Infirmery*; and also those buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 2; the Meeting in *College-Lane* 5; the Meeting on the *Green* 2.

D I S E A S E S.																
A	BORTIVE & Stilborn	5	Accidents	0	Childbed	-	2	Fistula	-	-	1	Mortification	1			
	Aged	13	Cancer	-	2	Croup	-	1	Fits	-	-	22	Palsey	-	2	
	Suddenly	-	-	-	2	Convulsions	-	4	Dropfy	-	-	2	Small-Pox	0		
	Apoplexy	-	-	-	2	Consumption	23	Epilepsy	-	1	Inflammation	-	3	Teeth	-	2
	Asthma	-	-	-	0	Chincough	-	13	Fevers	-	8	Jaundice	-	1	Thrush	-

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,									
Under Two Years old	49	Ten and Twenty	6	Forty and Fifty	5	Seventy and Eighty	9		
Between Two and Five	10	Twenty and Thirty	4	Fifty and Sixty	10	Eighty and Ninety	5		
Five and Ten	3	Thirty and Forty	5	Sixty and Seventy	12	Ninety and a Hundred	0		

CHRISTENED.				BURIED.			
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.	
ALL-SAINTS. - -	64	43	107	59	44	103	
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	22	19	41	16	13	29	
St. GILES'S. - -	12	16	28	11	13	24	
St. PETER'S. - -	4	7	11	6	3	9	
At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish - - -				6	7	13	
In the whole Town.	102	85	187	98	80	178	
	Increased		12	Decreased	-	22	

It is appointed unto Men once to die. Heb. Chap. ix. Part of Ver. 27.

The following Lines were sent by a GENTLEMAN, who wrote them for this BILL of MORTALITY.

ONCE more, this sad <i>Memento</i> strikes the Eye, Smites the gay Heart, excites the tender Sigh; Calls forth afresh the sympathizing Tear, And bids us mourn again th' expiring Year. Let the gay Youth review this solemn Page, And see DEATH certain here at ev'ry Age: Not all the Charms which Beauty can display, Stop the stern Tyrant for a single Day; Nor all the Fondness which a Mother knows, Nor all the sweet Solitude she shews, Can her lov'd Offspring for a Moment save, Or snatch that Parent from the greedy Grave. In vain we sit and plan for future Years, And talk of distant Joys, and Hopes, and Fears; Ah! what avail Life's most delightful Schemes? One Moment shews them idle, empty Dreams: Some sad Occurrence---some beloved Friends Sink to the Grave, and all th' Inchantment ends!	Witness ye Mourners of the present Year, Who still lament what once ye held so dear. With what keen Pangs we give the last Embrace! How loth to quit the lov'd, the lifeless Face! 'Tis then we see in TRUTH's unerring Glass, How vain is Life, how swift our Minutes pass! With streaming Eyes we view the silent Tomb; And deeply feel, that DEATH's our certain Doom. Old Age, and heedless Youth, and Beauty's Charm, Shrink at the Thought, and feel the dread Alarm; Frail Nature sinks beneath the awful Sound, And ev'ry Joy seems sickening all around; No mortal Friend the drooping Mind can cheer; No human Power protect that Mind from Fear.	RELIGION, come, with Energy divine! To calm the troubled Heart is only thine: Teach us what Joy serene from VIRTUE flows, And the true Peace which INNOCENCE bestows; Teach us, that VICE, alike in every Stage, Disgraces Youth, and shames decrepid Age; That GOODNESS paints the beauteous Face more fair, And stamps true <i>Reverence</i> on the hoary Hair. Rise then, my Soul, to nobler Prospects rise! Let HOPE, sweet HOPE! transport us to the Skies! There shall we meet again each valued Friend, And all our Doubts, and all our Fears shall end: Each Pain shall vanish, ev'ry Sorrow fly, For Heaven's high Hand shall wipe each weeping Eye.
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